

I Am FEMALE

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Summary: A short story about the life of my dear Yokune Ruko.

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I Am FEMALE

Have ya ever just felt... 'normal'? Of course, most would answer 'no, I have not,' but if you answered yes, what did it feel like? Was it nice that you fit in, or did you wanna stand out? My name is Yokune Ruko. Most of you reading this might know who I am; if you don't, I'm the monstrous girl with the weird-colored eyes and thong for the whole world to see. Yep, that's me, in the flesh. People would have to really know me good to want to stay in my life, considering a small 'issue' I have concerning a certain topic known as 'Gender.'

When I was small, I was never the weird kid; I was a boy. A popular boy, and everyone liked me. I had a lot of friends, family liked me, good grades, I had it good. This was when the saying ignorance is bliss came into play. All my life as a little kid, my parents hid something very important from me, something that would change my life later on. They hid it, because they thought it would never effect me, and I could go my whole life without knowing what most kids knew ever since they came from the womb. I thought I knew, I really did, and I went on living being blissfully naïve. I didn't know, and nor did my parents, what a great impact it would have on the way I saw myself. I didn't know, and that's why I was happy.

When I was in fourth grade, I met a friend. His name was Rook. He had dark hair, a single red bang, and the most gorgeous scarlet eyes any girl could ever look into. (Clears throat) Anyways, we became good friends. Nothing could split us up, at all. He was somebody I could tell all my secrets and troubles to, y'know...

Came sixth grade, and things went downhill. Of course, it was that age, the age where girls got periods and guys made baby gravy and everybody grew hair in the worst places possible. Anyways, while

everybody's body developed smoothly, I had a rough time. I was a boy. Or at least, I was under the assumption that I was a boy, and I expected the normal things that pubescent boys would expect. Only, that's not quite what happened entirely. I started getting chest pains, and noticed my hips getting larger than normal. My voice cracked, and, y'know, the stuff in the 'downstairs department' did what it needed to do and dropped what it needed to drop, that was normal, but everything else just felt...odd. At first, I thought 'well, maybe boys get chest pains, too?' It didn't sound extremely out of the ordinary, so that I swept under the rug, but I didn't like how my hips and rear began to look. Then, instead of looking like a boy without my shirt, my body had more of a...an androgynous feel to it. So, your hormones are all over, you're young, what conclusion do you come to? You have cancer! At least, that's what I thought. Of course, my heart sunk and I naturally wanted to curl up in a fetal position and cry, but I was a big boy(?) and held it together.

It only got worse, however. What I considered my 'man-boobs'— I was in elementary! give me a break! —was really starting to live up to its name. At first I thought I had breast cancer (at that point I did cry) and it got to the point where I actually believed I should start wearing bras. Another thing that added to this was my now-forming hourglass figure. Petrified beyond belief and in desperate need of a hug, I ran to good old mom for help. I still remember the look she gave me; that look of disappointment, the one that says, 'you let me down.'

"This isn't right!" Mom had screamed. I remember her rummaging through a drawer and pulling out medical records. I said a few things to her afterwards. I don't recall what I said, but I do recall her rushing over to the hospital, slamming the papers on the front desk and demanding why her 'son' was becoming her 'daughter.' I stood there, crying, terrified. I didn't know what was going on, nor what was happening and why, nor what my mom knew and why she was so furious. All I knew was that something was very wrong with me, and Mama wasn't happy about it. After some civilized talk with Mama and the doctor, he gave her a slip of paper and told us we had to wait in the lobby. It felt like forever before I was taken into this back room, where they had me change into some gown and forced me to lay on my side. I wasn't too nervous at first, but then I saw the doctor put gloves on, and he smeared this...gel on this thing. I can't remember what his exact words were, but, basically, he said 'this things goin' up yer ass.' And it did. And I hated, and it hurt, and I cried...some more. I didn't dare look at that monitor. I didn't want to see up my butt, so I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth and hoped it would be over soon.

And it was, thankfully. The doctor said something like, 'all his male reproductive organs look good,' or something like that. Basically, he confirmed my gender: 90% male and 10% female. He said some more things about prostate and blah, blah, blah, but I was too busy thinking everything over to listen or care. So, that confirmed it, a few blood tests and the robot raping. I wasn't a boy, nor a girl. I was some...mistake. That wasn't a good feeling. At all.

But I still had Rook, right? Wrong. As soon as I told him about it, he spit on me and walked away. Just like that. Just like everyone else. Just like Mama did. It hurt. It hurt so bad. More than anything ever did before.

Things only got worse the girl-ier I became. I found out that I felt comfortable in women's clothing, and I grew my hair out. I like putting it up in pigtails, I think I look cute like that. I had some massive growth spurt in my height and chest (and a few other things, if I do say so myself 3.) So, by the time I was a junior, I was an astounding 6'3. I gained two inches as the year went on, leaving me at 6'5. All the boys I went to school with teased me constantly about my gender. They would make comments about blowjobs, and how easy it would be for a woman to give one at my height, and would often grab my chest. I, as a newly-found woman, was obviously offended by these actions, but every time I would rebel, I'd get in trouble and everyone else would act innocent. Eventually, all this got to me, and I hate myself for it- I began to cut, and have thoughts of suicide. But, nobody cared, nobody felt bad, so I just...I...I dunno... (Voice cracks) So I kept going... (She waits a few minutes to let herself calm down, then starts back up by taking in a long breath)

I think the best day of my life was when Hatsune Miku showed up. She said that...that she would like me to sing for her and with the Utauloids, the band that stands along with Vocaloid. I nearly threw up, and poked my thigh with a bent paperclip multiple times before agreeing to her request. Unfortunately, a few others (such as Rook) came along as well, but that didn't matter. I was stoked. Beyond stoked. Me, the weird-ass person with some man voice, was chosen to possibly become a singer. Wow!

For every single day that lead up to auditions I practiced singing. I didn't know I was able to sing, but apparently to some girls named Teto, Momo, and Defoko, I was great. I liked these girls. They didn't judge me for what I couldn't help. They judged me for, well, me. And, evidently, they liked the 'me' they saw. And so did all the Vocaloids, and Miku herself, who found my singing voice to be, 'absolutely beautiful.' In quotes people. I was like, 'hell yeah! Somebody appreciates me!' Then I got all emotional and realized, it wasn't just somebody who appreciated me, it was everybody. All the people here were accepting and sweet, some even too dumb to know what's going on (those are the best kinds.) I felt loved there. I felt wanted. I loved the way the fans cheered for me and only me when I was up on stage. I was also especially proud of my new Utauloid attire, and my new tattoo, which was a red 65. It's all great, but at the end of the day, I had friends, I had Ritsu (my cross-dressing buddy), I hardly cut, and I had a family. And that, right there, is amazing.

And hell, Rook likes me now, too, so I'm able to stare into those sexy eyes of his again. :D

End
file.